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Percy Aldridge Grainger

A STUDY

By

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D. C. PARKER

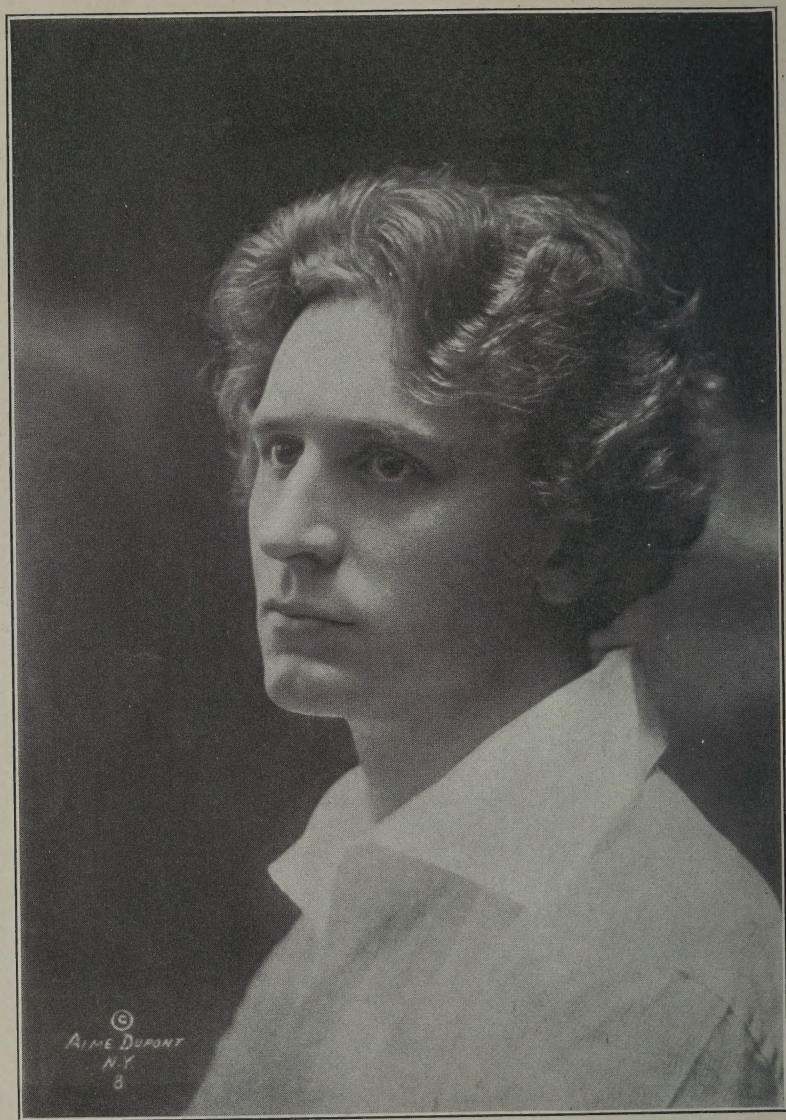
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PERCY ALDRIDGE GRAINGER

A STUDY

"There is always a new horizon for onward-looking men."

—R. L. Stevenson.

"Hark to my voice in a sweet song."—*Brúnsvein's Vísa*.

"That's fame, Tom," said Byron to Moore when the two poets heard a merry boating party sing "Love's Young Dream." If this be the criterion, Percy Aldridge Grainger is already famous. The name of the Australian composer-pianist is familiar wherever music is played and studied. It is, I think, to his common sense that we must attribute this quickly-earned popularity. Wishing to assume the the heroic *rôle* and rub shoulders with the immortals, many young composers have written symphonies the fate of which is bitter to contemplate. Grainger's short and attractive compositions owe their existence to his conception of what music ought to be. Of this I shall say something later; for the present, it is worth while to notice that the fact of their being brief and easily comprehended has been largely instrumental in establishing his fame. Though still in his crescent, he now occupies an unique place among English-speaking composers. A man of thirty-four ought, doubtless, to be regarded as a potentiality, and I agree that one must withhold the final critical judgment in the case of a living artist who is in full possession of his powers; but I am not of those who approve the method of withholding all the trophies until senile decay sets in. Grainger has developed an artistic personality of such singular force that a modest study of him may not be out of place.

He who looks in these pages for the daring deeds and hairbreadth escapes of the picturesque play and the "yellowback" will be grievously disappointed. Hard work—

and we must not lose sight of the fact that Grainger has attained to his present position by dint of his own exertions—hard work, I say, is simply hard work, whether described in the sugared phrases of the sentimentalist or in the rough accents of a Carlyle. The modern virtuoso is a willing slave. He has to serve the divine goddess not only with his whole soul, but with ten eager fingers, with a well-trained brain and a warm heart. And when the virtuoso is also a composer of substance it is manifest that his life is not all beer and skittles, as the adoring lion-hunter imagines.

The subject of this sketch was born at Brighton, Melbourne, in 1882. He received his first instruction in music from his mother. What Grainger owes to her may be inferred from more than one dedication. That she still remains the strongest influence in his artistic life is not surprising, for she has always been a lover of music, an eager reader of poetry and a true friend to those who showed creative ability. At the age of ten the youthful virtuoso gave a series of concerts, and with the money thus acquired left his native island and settled for six years in Frankfort-on-Main. Even as a student his original way of regarding things was prominent. He caused no little surprise among his friends by entertaining the idea of going to China in order to acquire, at first hand, information about the musical system of that country. After the period at Frankfort came the inevitable wandering of the public pianist. He appeared in many cities and the impression which he made is written in eloquent terms in the critical columns of the European and American press. One Christiania journalist, for example, found that the young pupil of Pabst, Kwast and Busoni turned into gold all that he touched. Grainger has been particularly successful as an exponent of Grieg's "*Slåtter*" (op. 72)—indeed, one might say that there is only one Grieg, and Grainger is his prophet—and his great sympathy with Delius is probably responsible for the conviction with which he plays that composer's *Pianoforte Concerto*. But, whatever his predilections, and they are very many and very pronounced, the pro-

grammes of his recitals are varied and he pays the proper attention to all schools and styles. In fact, the character and comprehensiveness of his repertory have often been remarked. On the classic slopes and in the romantic groves he feels at home. Bach, Handel and Brahms are constant companions. The Liszt of the rhapsodies is, like the introspective Schumann, a welcome friend, and he has the pianist's love for Chopin. He assumes the none too thankful rôle of missionary for those whose significance has not yet been fully grasped by the public. In this connection his efforts on behalf of Grieg, Delius, Cyril Scott and the modern Frenchmen and Spaniards deserve special mention. It is significant to note that he was the first virtuoso to introduce the piano compositions of Debussy to audiences in England, Australia, South Africa, Denmark, Norway, etc. Although Grainger has come in contact with most of the brilliant personalities of the musical world and played before crowned heads, it is safe to say that the most outstanding event of his life has been his friendship with Grieg. His enthusiasm for the Norwegian's art dates from the time when, as a boy, his mother introduced him to it. During a visit to London in 1906, Grieg expressed a desire to meet the young Australian, of whom he had heard something from Herman Sandby, the remarkable Danish composer and 'cellist. The interview was arranged by Lady Speyer, whose guest Grieg was while in London, and Grainger played the "Slätter." That Grieg was deeply impressed may be judged from what he recorded shortly after the event. "I wrote," he confessed, "Norwegian Peasant Dances, that none of my own countrymen could play. Here comes this young Australian and is the first to play them as they ought to be played. He has the true folk-song poetry in him, and yet it is a long way from Australia to Norway!" Acquaintance ripened into the firm friendship which results from complete understanding, and Grieg took an active interest in Grainger's doings. Part of the summer of 1907 was spent happily at Trolldhaugen. There was much talk and music-making, and Grainger

made known to his host some of the best pieces of Debussy, Cyril Scott, and Roger Quilter. Grainger was Grieg's last guest.

Notwithstanding his gifts as a pianist, it is as an active force in music that Grainger merits our attention. Whatever we may think of some of the prominent characteristics of his compositions, one is conscious of the vigorous personality from which they emanate. The two main constituents of his art are sunshine and fresh air, both of which are sorely needed in the wide-spread realms of pedagogic owl-lishness. "Percy Grainger stands alone," wrote John F. Runciman. "He is the one cheerful, sunny composer living." A child of the smiling muse, he has the sense of life. The dynamic quality of his song is unmistakable. His eyes are upon the back of beyond. The tangle and the brush-wood are his artistic home and he cares not a whit for the salons of the sophisticated. Through his pages you will hunt in vain for the nerveless song of opulent leisure, for the perfumed and affected accents of the boudoir. To others the theme of arms and the man, the pomp and circumstance of high life; he sings the waste places of the earth and certain phases of the modern world which the musician has hitherto ignored. It is not the torches of Greece which light him on his way: it is the camp-fire and the flickering lamp of the squatter's hut. The heresy hunter may yearn for the scalp of a man who dons the war-paint of a Polynesian chief—which is to the composer's credit; but Grainger steers his course with a splendid courage. He is fond of emphasising that he is an Australian and a democrat, which is his way of telling you that, artistically, he belongs to the great world, to the desert of the South, to the limitless ocean.

At first sight his compositions seem a strange, heterogeneous mass, the result, perhaps, of an erratic temperament. He has given us "Mock Morris," "Shepherd's Hey," "An Irish Tune from County Derry," a "Zanzibar Boat Song," a "Colonial Song," a "Walking Tune," "Father and Daughter" (a dance-song from the Faeroe Islands),

"Handel in the Strand," "The Merry Wedding," "Molly on the Shore," "Green Bushes," "Scotch Strathspey and Reel, inlaid with several Irish tunes and a Sea Chanty," and other pieces, in all of which there are interesting points. Not very long ago he introduced to a New York audience a Lullaby, in which he paid a "Tribute to Foster." The origin of this fragment was thus explained in the programme: "One of my earliest musical recollections is that of my mother singing me to sleep with Stephen Foster's song 'De Camptown Races' ('Doodah'). Two or three years ago I began a composition (half dance, half lullaby) for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, based on this entrancing ditty, entitled 'Tribute to Foster,' in which I wished to give musical expression to these Australian memories and to my ever increasing love and reverence for this great American genius—one of the most touching and subtle melodists and poets of all time. My piano piece is a free paraphrase of the lullaby section . . ." Another work which recently created a stir, is the suite "In a Nutshell," produced at the Norfolk, Conn. (U. S. A.) Festival of 1916. But perhaps the most ambitious composition which he has yet published—for we must remember that some of his most elaborate achievements lie in his portfolio—is his "Marching Song of Democracy," which was written "in loving adoration of Walt Whitman." Contemplating these pages one is, at first, amused if not exactly nonplussed. The impression which we get is that Grainger, realising how thoroughly certain kinds of subjects have been thrashed out, yearns for new worlds to conquer; in other words, that he seeks to escape from the soul-destroying atmosphere of conventionality at all costs and so, throwing the romantic idea to the winds, gives us a clog-dance ("Handel in the Strand") and an effusion "in the popular London style" ("Gay but wistful"). There may be a grain of truth in this, but one reason for his adoption of out-of-the-way themes on which to sing is to be found in his views concerning the function of music. With these I shall deal in the proper place.

That in his compositions there is something peculiarly his own will be admitted. He is out of the leading-strings and realises the futility of serving up the threadbare idioms of the Wagnerian formula. He argues with zest on the texture of music. He will preach you a pretty sermon on this text, pressing home his moral with all the zealous fervour of the born evangelist. In his opinion the composer's first query must inevitably be, "What is the texture?" He perceives differences in texture which vary as much as linoleum varies from Chinese porcelain. To him this is the all important matter. "Rightly or wrongly," he confesses, "a composer stands or falls by his texture so far as I am concerned." Those who place undue importance upon structure and development he cannot understand; in fact, he frankly acknowledges that he has not the faintest idea what the latter term signifies in the mouths of the many who are constantly dwelling upon it. He holds that "the actual distribution of notes in chords, the weft of the fabric, the *stuff* produced by polyphony or by a 'chordy' style of writing is the determining factor." He is fond of citing Chopin as an example. The beauty here lies very largely in the texture, which means that the writer stands the great test and is essentially a musical musician, and it is Grainger's ambition to capture something of the elusive charm which lives in Chopin's art. He sees the greatness of the Pole in two or three chords, the manner in which they are set down proclaiming the sensitiveness and fastidiousness of the composer. Similarly, he considers that the magic of Cyril Scott can be epitomised, as it were, in short quotations of chords which reveal his fine sense of harmonic feeling. In this matter his enthusiasm for Delius knows no bounds. Delius's chord distributions are for him a source of joy and prove to his satisfaction that the writer of the "Dance Rhapsody" is "one of the most transcendental geniuses of all time."

It would seem from this that Grainger places a special value upon those who, in obedience to the modern mania for generalising, are dubbed perpendicularists (e. g. Grieg,

Delius and Cyril Scott), but he is not blind to the advantages which lie with the horizontalists (e. g., Strauss and Schönberg.) He would, indeed, be the first to admit that plasticity and resilience are most likely to be present when the composer thinks closely and continuously and thus knits compactly the fabric of his music; and further, that when the horizontalist is in his stride the irritating aposi-opsis is impossible. He realises that Strauss obtains some of his finest effects both through his capacity for thinking in large terms from left to right and by his policy of often leaving the perpendicular warfare, for a time at least, to look after itself. As for Schönberg, he feels that contact with him can hardly fail to give the student of his music a greater freedom and naturalness, and this without regard to whether the latter is sympathetic or antagonistic to the creator of the "Gurrelieder." Bearing this in mind, we examine Grainger's pieces with curiosity. In scrutinising them we have to get rid of the old academic theories. He is not afraid of the warning finger of conservatism, but his liberty is not akin to anarchy. An adoration for Bach has helped to keep him upon the broad paths of sanity, and he has stated in the most definite terms that if he considered modern tendencies were capable of merely disintegrating and destructive propensities he would be their bitterest opponent. The rhythmic impulse of his works has been frequently remarked, and it is certainly emphatic. But the style of the music and the manner of its progress are due to the peculiar blend of the perpendicular and horizontal which he affects. His polyphony is rich and healthy. Some of the parts "tease" the ear, as it were, but, if he allows them considerable freedom, they are not permitted to run out of the generous bounds which he has set. To the play of voices he attributes any vitality that his music may have. Though the chords are conditioned by the polyphony, he is always careful to observe that his own critical faculty is applied horizontally. He listens to the chordal rather than to the polyphonic result—an attitude which may be traced, I suggest, to the influence which

Grieg has had upon him. "I would not," he says, "tolerate good part-writing that did not produce the particular harmonic colour I want at each moment." The "Colonial Song" seems to me a good example of what Grainger can do in chord distribution, while "Mock Morris," which, as he himself declares, is almost as diatonic and unmodulating as a page of Handel and which seems like a protest against the shifting tonality and excessive chromaticism of one aspect of modernism, reveals his capabilities in another direction. In some of his works, however, such as the "Hill-Song," "The Warriors," and the "English Dance" for full orchestra, he gives his parts a very free play, which is controlled by what he calls "chordy feeling," and in them the variety which is obtained by modulation is extreme. The problem with him, as with many others, is to get the continuous flow without sacrificing the harmonic colour. He has not the grand manner of Strauss, with its eagle-like sweep, but he is careful to prevent his music from lapsing into that static condition which is the normal state of much of the impressionist art, the creators of which make a mistake in placing a too great reliance upon atmospheric effects. Regarding the perpendicularists as primarily contemplative and the horizontalists as primarily dynamic, we see that circumstances compel Grainger to take a middle course. His inherent vitality precludes his indulging in the impressionism of the extreme æsthètes; he wants his music to have some of the spirit which is expressed in the Maori proverb, "Die like the shark, fighting to the last gasp." His critical method precludes his losing contact with the "chord feeling."

It is Grainger's belief that Bach has had more influence than any other master in moulding his style. But one may venture to suggest that a composer is seldom the best judge of such matters. While the admiration which he feels for Bach may have had its result, I should be inclined to say that he is most indebted to Grieg. His music has a greater affinity with that of Trolldhaugen than with that of the famous centres. There is very frequently something

Excerpt from "THE WARRIORS"
Music to an imaginary ballet.

FAST

Hockenspiel, Xylophone, wooden Marimba, Woodwind, Celesta, etc.
(any notes).

Brass

TRUMPETS

TROMBONES

Tubular Bells

STAFF BELLS, 2nd PIANO, STAFF BELLS, ETC.

1st PIANO

2nd PIANO

HORNS, STRINGS

ff

f

40

(4)

(b)

(b)

(b)

ff

Percy Grainger
July 8. 1917.

in his feeling for harmony which is strongly reminiscent of Grieg, though I hasten to add that the Australian is no feeble echo of the Norwegian. The smallness of Grieg's idiom is not apparent, yet we have a simplicity far removed from commonplaceness which has more in common with Grieg's best lyrical moments than with any other music that I know. He must be both deaf and blind who cannot perceive the artistic kinship which that delightful production, "The Merry Wedding," bears to Grieg's "Recognition of Land." The purity and strength of the North are in both scores, and in Grainger's happy dance we seem to see the fair locks and bright dresses of the throng and catch the flash of many a light-blue eye. Nevertheless, the truth is that the most arresting pages of Grainger spring from original impulses rather than from influences, however strong. More than once he sounds that victorious and ecstatic note which is born solely of his joy in life. One critic, Charles L. Buchanan, has spoken of this art as "a kind of exquisite slanginess." The definition is happy, for there is here no attempt to reach Miltonic heights or to cultivate the heroic vocabulary. The music jogs along in a happy and seemingly careless way, and one is often conscious of its creator's impatience with arbitrary formulæ and the hundred and one commandments of the text-book compiler. No doubt something of the fascination which surrounds the man is due not so much to any iconoclastic method as to the readiness with which he uses his modern equipment to illustrate points and discuss subjects which are generally looked upon as being out of the musician's province, if not, indeed, unworthy of his attention. While, as we shall see, modern life presents him with a riddle to which he can find no adequate solution—and this spiritual estrangement, which arises out of a desire to soar out of time and space, has caused one commentator to speak of his "styles"—he often perches his nest on a skyscraper and pipes a merry lay which takes its inspiration from certain present-day characteristics. This, I think, simply means that he sees the value of a living interest, that, whatever

the trend of his thoughts in moments of reflection, he cannot leave unsung the joys and hopes of the human family. If he harks back to the old figures of Northern legend it is because, to him at least, their profiles are familiar. In all that he writes there is something vital. The songs, for example, are as far removed from the superficial vapidities about flowers, from the shallow, sentimental moralisings about life, with which, alas, we are too familiar, as anything could possibly be. Is not his "Dedication" the very song that many of us have been looking for? If some urge that he has never given us the slow, measured music which comes in sombre garb to haunt us at twilight, I can only say to them that there is probably justification for their view. But I, for one, should be sorry to leave the debate with the opposition, because it is well to insist that Grainger has positive qualities. His is the note of optimism; his normal *tempo* is *allegretto*, at least. He has a decided gift for writing music that carries you away with its swing, which may put him out of court with folk who think that to be intelligible is to be philistine, but that to be syncopated and cryptic is to be artistic. He leads us to regions where health abounds and the trees clap their hands. And it is better for him and for us that we should enjoy what he has contributed than that we should spend our days in sackcloth and ashes bemoaning that he is not a writer of a different stamp. The greatest thing that Grainger can do for us is to be Grainger.

In coming to close quarters with his works one is impressed by two facts; that Grainger is really a revolutionist by nature, and that there is some reason for talking of his "styles." In his case it is impossible to put one's finger upon a page and say, "Here he has found himself." Nothing ready-made ever suited him. To dogmatic assertion he always opposes the question-mark. So it is hardly surprising if we fail to detect any pilgrimage which approximates to the almost invariable odyssey of the boldest spirits. In his teens he wrote in the Handelian manner and his early years of creative activity saw also an attempt

to out-Bach Bach. He pursued the path of polyphony with amazing avidity, and the experiments of the period resulted in music written for from twelve to twenty parts. It was, perhaps, but natural that a youth should have disregarded the practical side of the matter and failed to perceive that such pieces when brought to performance would probably resemble a spider's web of sound. When on a tour in Australia, which he undertook at the age of twenty-one, he first realised the deficiencies of his early method. He wished to write in a style that would suit his own people. One cannot expect the average audience to hear a large number of parts simultaneously. Thus he reasoned; so the music of his immaturity was subjected to a new valuation and whimsically set down in the category of "art for artists" by its creator, a man who is nothing if not the apostle of "art for everyone." The change, be it noted, was not due to a musical influence. If, however, he took Handel and Bach as models it is tolerably certain that there was a large dose of Grainger in the mixture. We have Cyril Scott's word for it that he used the whole-tone scale before he was aware of Debussy's existence and that he studied rhythmic problems before he knew the name of Scriabin. And here I would say that I cannot recall anything which he has published that shows the influence of the classics. This is unusual, for the homage which youth pays to the masters is generally evident in the first essays; and it seems particularly so in the present case, for Grainger, modernist though he be, tries to free himself from the present and take refuge in the past. We must pause here to ask what that vague term "the past" connotes in this connection. Berlioz, sick of a world which passed him by and persisted in singing in an alien key, found balm for the wounds of his soul in the Olympic scores of Gluck. It was as though, discarding the ill-fitting fashions of his day, he sought to clothe his mind in the garments of eternal truth. To César Franck the past spoke a message of charity and good will, and to this fact is due the spiritual harmony of his life and the felicity

of his handiwork. But Grainger's conception is of another kind. He has not the sense of tradition which stimulates such a man as Vincent d'Indy. He does not see the obscure scholar eking out his days in garret or cloister in an endeavour to catch the angelic note, the seraphic strain. He casts back to a period more remote. He thinks of a world peopled by elemental men, the very simplicity, even savagery, of whose life is to him not unattractive. He never forgets that he is an Australian, and one finds, I think, that his early environment and colonial outlook have had an effect which cannot be disregarded. In his modern vein he seems to me to be writing the chapter which naturally follows those of Mark Twain, Rolf Boldrewood, MacDowell and James Whitcomb Riley. He is less romantic, or, to speak with exactness, is romantic in another way. The old stories of pegging the claim, railroad making and ranch life give place to music, which is often coated with that thick layer of sentiment and imbued with that dash of adventure which is typical of most American and Colonial productions.

When we speak of his "styles" we really mean that he does not express himself along one line. Certain little foibles probably constitute the quintessence of Graingerism; but, these apart, his compositions present an unusual variety. He is a humorist and his wide sympathies must be expressed in his art. And he has a habit of jotting down ideas which are put away in a box of surprises to be brought out and furbished up at wide intervals. He writes and re-writes, experiments, adds and rejects. (Not more than about a quarter, or at most a third, of his works has so far been published.) The result is that some of the pieces differ much from others. Here he seems to be disporting himself in chromatics, there to be setting a fashion in a new sort of diatonic writing. At the present time he is very much absorbed in the question of irregular rhythm and in the system which he calls "double-chording."

Examples of irregular barrings from
 "HILL-SONG" for wind instruments
 (Composed 1901, 1902, and 1907)

Fairly fast

Oboe
 Flute
 Clar.
 Clars. Bassoon
 Double Bassoon

mp
p

English Horn
 Bassoons

p eto.
p eto.
p eto.

Fairly fast

Piccolo & Eb Clar.
 Flutes, marked
 Saxophns. English Horn, marked
 Bsns.

f
f
p
eto.

Alto Clar. & Bass Clar

Instances of "double-chording" (that is, unrelated chord-groups passing freely above, below and thru each other, without regard to the harmonic clash resulting therefrom) from the

"IN A NUTSHELL" SUITE

(Composed 1908-1916)

From "PASTORAL"

Slowly *very calmly*

Oboe *p*

Muted Strings *pp*

etc.

This musical score features two staves. The top staff is for the Oboe, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The bottom staff is for Muted Strings, marked with a pianissimo (*pp*) dynamic. The music is in 3/8 time and consists of a series of chords and single notes. The Oboe part has a melodic line with some grace notes. The strings provide a harmonic accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Slowly' and the mood is 'very calmly'.

From "PASTORAL"

Slowly

Wood-wind & Strings *ff*

Horns *fff*

Solo Strings *ff*

Trumpets *ff*

Brass, Low Strings *pp*

Low Wood-wind, & Tuba, octave lower

soften gradually

soften

ppp

etc.

pp

This musical score is a complex orchestral arrangement for 'Pastoral'. It includes staves for Wood-wind & Strings, Horns, Solo Strings, Trumpets, Brass, Low Strings, and Low Wood-wind & Tuba. The tempo is marked 'Slowly'. The dynamics range from fortissimo (*ff*) to pianissimo (*ppp*). The score features a variety of musical textures, including dense chordal passages and more melodic lines. The woodwinds and strings play a significant role in the texture. The brass and low strings provide a harmonic foundation. The low woodwind and tuba part is an octave lower. The score includes markings for 'soften gradually' and 'soften'. The piece concludes with a pianissimo (*ppp*) dynamic and an 'etc.' marking.

standing of the capabilities of the chorus, and the scoring is not that of a man who conceives his work in terms of the piano and transplants it to the orchestral sphere. It is said that anyone can score well now-a-days, and there is solid ground for the remark. Again and again we encounter works the thematic substance of which is slight, the colours of which are marvellous. To put it figuratively, a wretched skeleton is dressed in gaudy robes. In recent years there has, undoubtedly, been an enormous improvement in orchestral technique; but some are inclined to regard as a snare the facility with which the average musician mixes his pigments. They see much ink unnecessarily spilt on the latest full scores. In the orchestral version of "Shepherd's Hey" the resource of the composer prevents the recurrence of the four-bar theme from palling on us. The music is that of Terpsichore; every instrument is a dancer and takes its turn of stepping neatly into the middle of the circle; strings, clarinet, horn and trumpet, wood-winds and xylophone, trombones and basses, a nasal oboe, pirouette, bow and retire, and the piece terminates in a general hilarity, to which all the company lend a voice. The score is not closely packed and to this very fact a great measure of its effectiveness is undoubtedly due. "Father and Daughter," with its brass, strings and guitars, shows the hand of the experimenter and reminds us that Grainger is fond of trying new effects by blending and contrasting groups of instruments not commonly thus associated and by eliminating others. "In a Nutshell" reveals a marked sympathy with all the orchestral voices.

Those who are familiar with Grainger know of his interest in instruments and combinations of instrumental *timbres*. For long the classical orchestra of Mozart and Beethoven was held to be sufficient for the adequate presentation of all manner of thoughts. Let us admit that it is still possible to be impressive with the instrumental force of Beethoven's day and that the importation of unusual voices is often a pose. It cannot, however, be held that the orchestra is a fixed institution. The improvement

in the mechanism of some of the instruments (the horn, for example) opened up new possibilities to the composer of which he would have been foolish not to avail himself. The experimentalism which began with Berlioz has attracted many writers since his day. Though the classical orchestra is still the nucleus of instrumental combinations, the adventurous spirit of the modernists urges them to apply new tests, as Strauss did in "*Ariadne in Naxos*." In this matter Grainger is a pioneer. He is a man of today in the sense that he is, above all, interested in ideas. He has the enquiring mind and that endless curiosity about all manner of subjects which is the sure symptom of intellectual health. He is not satisfied with a thing simply because it has met the needs of other folk. The celesta gives him a thrill and he does not forget the spangled ornaments, the kohl and henna of the romantic nomad. He calls for colour, colour and, once again, for colour. Take a glance at the available arrangements of his pieces and you will see that he has given much thought to the question of novel and striking combinations. There is a clog dance for piano quartet, folk-music settings "dished up" for string foursome, for room-music twelvesome, for "smallish" band, for voice with six string instruments and string band, and so on. One version of "*Shepherd's Hey*" contains a part for the English concertina, an instrument which has also been used by Holbrooke. In the "*Zanzibar Boat Song*" we have the celesta, glockenspiel and resonaphone. Elsewhere he has used the American organ, the guitar and the mandolin. He even recognises that mysterious entity, the theatre band. It is to his credit that he is not too proud to glean information in all quarters. He has been seen intently absorbed in the performances of a saxophone quintet and of a marimba band, and I verily believe that he would trudge on foot to Timbuctoo or Khorasan to hear and see an instrumental curiosity. Nursing a burning desire to arouse an interest in the enormous possibilities of percussion instruments—a trait that recalls Berlioz, with his careful treatment of that unduly despised

department of the orchestra—he thinks that some of the pundits might, to their advantage, visit the music halls where many of the least known members of the family are cleverly utilised. He has concentrated his attention on the bass xylophone, bass glockenspiel, gongs and bells, and is of opinion that they could be made enormously effective in chamber music. Grainger has been very successful in some of his experiments, and it was not for nothing that Cecil Forsyth, in his admirable volume on “Instrumentation,” devoted ample space to a consideration of the young Australian’s innovations. According to Forsyth, no little importance is to be attributed to Grainger’s use of the guitar, the popular “vamping” upon which has left its mark in a characteristic Spanish harmony. Indeed, he has rescued it from the romantic and re-introduced it to the practical world. The suite “In a Nutshell” is scored for orchestra, piano (used as an orchestral instrument) and Deagan percussion instruments, which proves again the composer’s delight in exploiting untried sonorities. Those who were present at the first performance of this work noticed that, at one juncture, Grainger, who played the piano part, struck one or two notes on the strings with a kind of drumstick and thereby produced a new and picturesque effect. Is it any wonder, then, that a journalistic wag once drew his attention to the unexploited capabilities of the paper-covered comb and the jew’s-harp?

It is popularly supposed that Grainger’s preoccupation with such unusual instruments as the wooden marimba, nabimba and steel marimbaphone arises from the unconventionality of the man. This is only partly true. As we shall see, he longs to enlarge the domains of the art. He deplures the fact that music is at present divided between abnormally undeveloped amateurs and overdeveloped professionals. He therefore writes much of his stuff with his eye on the amateur, whom he provides with proper subjects, and, to suit the needs of those who have had no training and possess little technical dexterity, readily employs instruments which can be easily learnt and which

yield a certain pleasure to the performer. He places great weight not only upon how music sounds, but upon how it plays. His solicitude for those whom he designates as the "takerspart" is as great as that which he has for the hearer; and so he ranks the banjo, for instance, which has pronounced social qualities, more highly than most musicians would be inclined to do. It is one of his theories that the pleasure to be derived from the practice and performance of music in a modest way is rarely comprehended until the musician stalks across the vast tracts where the professional is unknown and comes into close contact with primitive races, among whom music-making is a wild joy for all the participants.

A word ought certainly to be said about Grainger's musical nomenclature, which may be mildly described as curious. One wonders what our grave forefathers would think of the colloquial directions which are so prodigally scattered over his scores. Here we read "don't drag" and "at fast jog-trotting speed"; there "clatteringly," "soften lots" and "easygoingly." The instructions to the chorus in the "Marching Song of Democracy" are characteristic. On one page the phrase is to be "wavy and flowing," on another "not nasal," on yet another "hammeringly." The choristers are more than once addressed thus: "Don't tire yourselves over this; keep fresh for what is to come!" When the climax is reached they are told, "Now's your time to sing up!" I recognize that this method, like the pedal lines, the use of "half-pedalling" and the *glissando*, is part of the man, but my personal objection to it is based on the fact that the Italian terms are universally understood and that, by reason of their long association with music, they possess a very definite significance for all musicians.

I have said that a man of thirty-four must be regarded as a potentiality, and this truth lends a peculiar interest to Grainger's outlook, for, whatever his achievements, and they cannot be hastily brushed aside, it is upon the artist's attitude towards things in general that we place many of our hopes for the future. It is as a musical force that

Grainger appeals to me most strongly. I think that I explain him aright when I say that he is concerned with bringing music back to Orpheus. He has a sincere love for the unwritten music of the primitive man and wishes to record it before it disappears. The art to him is related to threnodies and rhapsodies, runes and sagas; a wild thing to be captured down in the *cañon*, a beauty to be run to earth only after violent wooing. It is certainly not a thing to be analysed on blackboards and measured by footrules. Hence his boyish glee in Foster's songs and in the whistling tunes of the great masses. It is because the vision of the Northern bard and Southern troubadour is always present to his imagination that he has never shaped his ideas in a precise *Andante in F* or in a carefully patterned *Symphony in E flat*. Despite his education, his modern environment and the new untrammelled civilisation of which he is a product, there is, as I have hinted, something strangely remote about him. While he is ahead of to-day, the spirit of the Vikings is in his blood and he has, mentally and physically, much of the adventurous nature of the old Norse sea-kings. Many musicians owe the loss of their individualities to the payment of an excessive tribute to the schools of learning. The most profound wisdom is not all closeted in studios and held captive in forbidding tomes. He who seeks to interpret life through a knowledge of men and things thus acquired is attempting the impossible. Whatever the shortcomings of Grainger, he is in no danger of disaster arising out of this folly. He has the fresh point of view and lays his hand upon the world's pulse. The landscapes of Scandinavia teach him as much as the most elaborate treatise on harmony does. For him the Australian bush is as full of music as is the most thickly populated page of Strauss. He learns from the savage more than the Doctor of Philosophy can impart. Pan-like, he sings the "Morning Song in the Jungle." To the naked Zulu he doffs his hat and he worships admiringly at the venerable shrines of the East.

He constantly looks beyond the vast scaffolding of

modern music which, with its endless ramifications, obliterates the horizon to all save a few. He is a lover of Nature, and her attentive pupil. Apart from the Scandinavian ballads, which are a potent stimulus, what chiefly urges him to express himself is Nature and walking in Nature. "It is my strong belief," he declares, "that every born creature is artistic. All birds and animals seem to me artistic. They give way to expressing their feelings, their bodily states and moods, in a splendid manner and seldom choose to be silent and inartistic. Savage, primitive mankind also seems almost unfailingly artistic. Birds, beasts, and savage races *have time* to be artistic. A bird in a cage, a beast in a yoke, cannot be such a slave as a civilised man, because you can't *enslave its mind*. A civilised wage-slave not only has laughably little time to be artistic, but he is held back from the natural unreasoning self-abandonment of art by a thousand and one ideals, ideas, rights and wrongs." As a matter of fact, this spokesman for the young nations, whose vocabulary is assuredly not that of the stickler, has confessed that he does not feel like a modern person. He would probably applaud what most of us in our saner moments recognise to be true: that the only life which can be defended on philosophic grounds is that of the tramp. With South Sea Island music, Maori legends, Icelandic sagas, he is quite at home. Artistically he feels drawn to the negroes of various countries, but modern civilization is beyond his comprehension. If he hold a brief for the savage—and one eminent critic found that "In a Nutshell" harked back to "primitive times and peoples"—it is because he has a contempt that is almost Shavian for the social usages of to-day, which all the external luxury and garishness are unable to dispel. The economic slavery of woman fills him with disgust. The motives and actions of the modern man baffle him. His art often rises from an irrepressible longing to escape out of the present, which he finds meaningless, into the past, which is full of the deepest significance, or into an imaginary world rich in those things which are not to be

had at the bazaars of our fairs. And so he turns from the philosophy of the hour to the Icelandic manners of the tenth century.

Inseparable from this view is his interest in folk-song and in primitive music of all kinds. He scents genius everywhere. "Almost my strongest artistic feeling," he tells us, "is a motherly artistic instinct. I hate to think of the world being constantly full of artistic outpourings in every land, in every class, and most of it going to waste for lack of an artistic motherly instinct. Artistic infanticide is to me no better than any other. When we are more cultured, I feel, a Fiji song, a Burmese orchestra, a Javanese Gamalan, will mean to us what far Eastern colour-prints do now. It is only the artistically undeveloped ones that see such a vast gulf between the stone-scratchings of the Bushmen and a Rembrandt, such a gulf between Beethoven and a Maori Haka. No lesson in polyphony has ever been so deeply instructive, so fruitful to me as the polyphony of the improvised part-singing of the Rarotongan natives from the South Seas. I long to spend years collecting native music in Africa and the South Seas. I feel that to be the deepest duty I know. These natives still create quite unconsciously, or comparatively so. Once we know musical notation, this blissful unconsciousness dwindles or vanishes." As a modern composer he considers that he has just as much to gain from an acquaintance with Chinese or Zulu music as from Scarlatti or Schönberg. It is to his knowledge of the customs and habits of races who live in a more or less natural state that we probably owe the "nonsense syllables" of the "Marching Song of Democracy," that are akin to those curious nothings which the eternal mother croons to the eternal child; and the healthy instinct which attracts him to the simple outpourings of the backwoodsman, who lives close to the elemental forces, has taught him much of rhythm. A natural leaning towards rhythmic irregularity led him to adopt the irregularly barred system in his "Hill-Song," which he considers one of his best efforts, in the "Marching

Song of Democracy," "Train Music" and "Song of Solomon Sketches." He is at one with many of the most progressive and enlightened thinkers in his idea that we still have to be emancipated from the rhythmic thralldom in which we languish. With enthusiasm he comments on Cyril Scott's irregular "barrings." Since childhood he has heard in imagination a rich, polyphonic kind of music from which the rhythmic monotony of the West is entirely absent and in which the various parts are not subject to the same beat-impulses. From 1900 to the present time this matter has claimed much of his attention. There are practical difficulties in the way of a materialisation of the dream, but he is confident that the problem will be solved sooner or later, if not by himself, by another.

It is not only in rhythm that he has benefited by his researches in folk-music, for he quite freely acknowledges that it was not until he became tolerably familiar with English folk-tunes that his instinct for melody was really aroused, a circumstance which he attributes to the beauty and variety in "pure line" of the best English songs.

With Grainger the human feeling is always prominent. To share something with another is to raise its value. Among his favorite quotations is Walt Whitman's line, "Whoever walks a furlong without sympathy walks to his own funeral dressed in his shroud," and his creed may be read in the excerpts from the poet with which the "Marching Song of Democracy" is prefaced. Intellectually he must have wide spaces in which to roam, a large vista on which to gaze. The great task of uplifting and ennobling he leaves to others; all he asks is to be permitted to voice something of "the ever-daring life instinct of men and beasts." Thus the "Colonial Song" is an attempt to express his feelings about his country and people, and also to voice a certain kind of emotion that seems to him not untypical of native-born Colonials in general. The "Marching Song of Democracy" is the result of "a definite desire to typify the buoyant on-march of optimistic, humanitarian democracy"; it is, in short, "the modern

and Australian version of the Gloria of a Mass." He hates to see music limited to any class and has a thought for those who are commonly regarded as reclining contentedly on the ample lap of modern Philistia. Let me quote him again: "It pains me to think that the ragtime class cannot enjoy Bach or Debussy fully and that the classical class cannot enjoy ragtime fully. Music, surely, belongs to all, to birds, to savages, to over-civilized folk, to the over-refined, to the vulgar, all alike. Then why not learn from all types?" He believes that everyone ought to be something of a musician. "I would like all men and women to be free in mind and body, which would mean that they would all be artists"—and thinks that salvation must come through cultivation in the home circle. The desire to encourage domestic music-making such as was common in Haydn's day has given us the "Room-Music Tit-Bits." He is very insistent upon the importance of this idea, as he holds it to be the surest way to improve musical culture. From his standpoint the appearance of striking originality in the shape of a world-genius is not by any means more of a gain to humanity than the existence of beautiful and touching folk-melodies. We can, therefore, understand why he sets such a high value upon some of the simplest pieces of Grieg and upon Herman Sandby's arrangements of Scandinavian airs. He feels that the song which appeals to the many is of greater cosmic significance than the intricate and ambitious score that delights the select few. Music for him is something that links men together, and he holds that worse might befall the art than a free use of everyone's ideas upon the part of everyone else. It will be seen, therefore, that Grainger has something in common with Charpentier, whose desire that beauty should enter into the lives of the humblest was responsible for the establishment of the Conservatoire Mimi Pinson, and with Bantock, who identified himself with the "new choralism."

Of considerable interest are his valuations of other composers, for they shed light upon his personality. If French in his attitude towards the East, he is Lisztian in his

capacity for hero-worship. He has a genius for enjoyment and is unlike the *blasé* "highbrow" in that he relishes many composers who differ widely in style. What he thinks of Grieg and Delius will be plain from what I have already said. The former he credits with having foreshadowed, in his harmonic originality, the boldest developments of to-day, an estimate which may well stick in the gizzards of those who have persistently underrated this composer, but which, nevertheless, reveals a keen perception of the man's historical significance. His favorite writer is Bach. "If Bach were living to-day," he exclaims, "I feel he would include ragtime, Schönbergism, musical comedy, Strauss, and all the grades in between"—an opinion which, perhaps, is more reasonable than seems so at the first blush. He revels in the "glow" of Wagner and Brahms and in the smoothness of Mendelssohn. Strauss has a place in his affections, Debussy is a "transcendental iconoclast," and he pays an eloquent tribute to Albeniz, whom he describes as "in several ways the greatest *pianistic* advent since Chopin." He is not among those who regard Schönberg as a madman. On the contrary, he rejoices in the fact that that modern prophet has pointed the way of escape from the inevitability of harmony, and, because of this, feels grateful to him. But he recognises, what is often forgotten, that a taste for the music of men like Debussy and Stravinsky is dearly bought indeed if, in acquiring it, we lose our capacity for learning the lesson which only the older masters can teach; and he is alive to the fact that modern conditions tend to make the artist of to-day rebellious, "because the artist sees on all hands the bulk of humanity submitting to utterly needless and useless drudgery, and wishes to avoid this anti-art at all costs." What mainly rivets his attention is the blood-relationship of the present and the past, and he argues that Scriabin, Delius, Stravinski and Ravel are to their age not unlike what Monteverde was to his. He emphasises the point that the real innovator makes a good use of what has been bequeathed to him. There is the diatonic as well as the

chromatic aspect of Wagner, just as there is the diatonic as well as the chromatic aspect of Grieg.

Not afraid of the threatened introduction of micro-tones*, he looks forward to the day when composers will take leave of their parochialism and recognise the beauties which slumber in the East. He is of those who have wandered through the vineyards of Shiraz and plucked the blooms of Ispahan. Why should we ignore Asiatic and African music when the works of Chinese and Persian craftsmen are among our most highly cherished possessions? In the far-off Orient one may encounter delicacies of utterance to which the average European is oblivious. But in these days it is not for the musician to despise the tinkling of the Geisha. To Grainger it is surprising that the quaint charm of Kashmir folk-songs should so long have escaped the attentions of the Westerner. Signs that such rich sources are being tapped are not wanting. The notion that, in music, the West has everything to teach and the East everything to learn is gradually being abandoned. In Delius's "Appalachia," which is based on Negro music, in Debussy and Ravel, who know where Java lies on the map, and in the modern Russians, he finds the first, though not a half-hearted, attempt to forsake the well-trodden paths and, as a result of their examples, he expects much. It is no far cry from the chime and hammerwood of "Shepherd's Hey" to the shamisen, and I should be little astonished if it made its appearance in future scores.

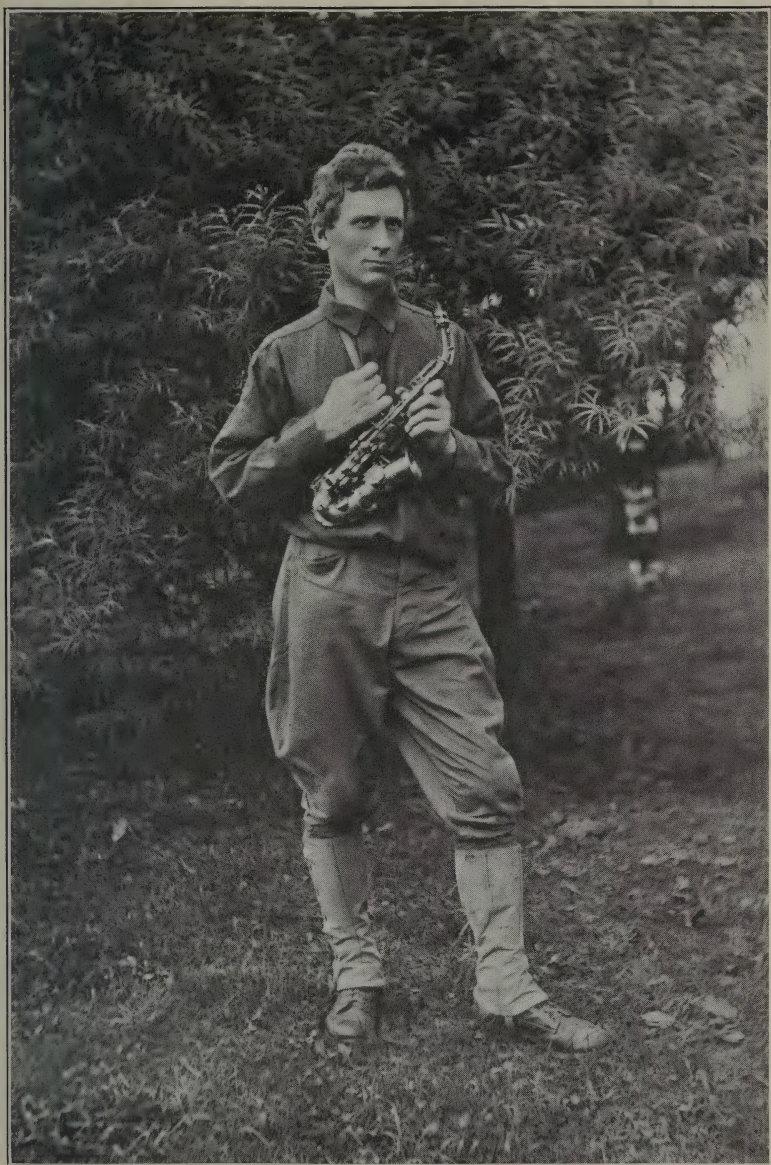
Although hailing from the smiling South, the austere grandeur of the North has called Grainger from afar, and the historical burrowings to which many of his leisure hours are consecrated have given him a sympathy with many lands and peoples. As a boy he was spellbound by the story of the Anglo-Saxons and longed to write music that would give expression to his thoughts. To-day he often wonders if "Mock Morris" articulates the emotions of his

*It is, perhaps, worth while to point out that Busoni, with whom Grainger studied for a time, is one of the most stimulating writers upon the trend of modern music. He thinks that a scale of eighteen notes is a future possibility.

youth and asks himself if it is closer to Beowulf than to Malory. The old Norse tongue and tales have been a beacon light, and his enthusiasm for Scandinavian literature urged him to study Danish, before he went to Denmark; Swedish, Jutish, Norwegian Landsmaal, Icelandic and Faeroese, all of which he either reads or speaks. In Scandinavia he finds life fuller than elsewhere. The fearlessness which characterised the inhabitants in early times haunts the glens and hills, which a wide-spread superstition populated with trolls and dragons. Something of it survives in the pages of writers like Selma Lagerlöf. And what is the intellectual restlessness of men like Ibsen, Strindberg and Brandes but a modern manifestation of the old spirit? Grainger's copy of "The Saga of Grettir the Strong" is well-thumbed. He loves to linger over the Icelandic sagas, the Faeroese and Danish folk-poems, Hans Christian Andersen's tales, Jacobsen's novels, and the writings of Mark Twain, Walt Whitman and Kipling. In his boyhood the last-named had a great influence upon him.

The Scottish border-ballads have been another source of delight. He has written a large choral work, "The Lads of Wamphray"; an intensely dramatic version of Swinburne's "The Bride's Tragedy," for double chorus and orchestra (both unperformed); a setting of "The Two Corbies" and a song, "The Reiver's Neckverse." At the present moment he is sketching a "Death Song for Hjalmar Thuren," the Danish scholar from whose collection of folk-songs the traditional melody in "Father and Daughter" is derived; and rumour speaks highly of "The Warriors," wherein he intends to go "the whole hog."

Whether he will ever give us the "Sea Songs" for orchestra, which he has often thought of composing, the future alone can tell. But, as he has a Swinburnian admiration for those that go down to the sea in ships and as, further, he thinks that life on land is only half lived and wishes to depict the sea in a many-voiced score which will be utterly irregular in rhythm, we may hope that this work will eventually see the light.



And what of to-morrow? Will he brandish a Maori tomahawk or will he hie him to the East, there to make his bhang and hobnob with fan-fluttering and flower-loving mandarins? Will he give us a new vista of the Scandinavian historical pageant or pay a tribute to the author of the "Spoon-River Anthology"? Foolhardy would he be who attempted to answer these questions, for Grainger is a musical Puck, a roguish boy who refuses to grow up. He has much of the restlessness of youth. Knowledge has not made him sad. He can laugh heartily over the pages of "Tom Sawyer." Turn your critical searchlight upon him and you will see that he is full of the playfulness which prevents Jack from being a dull boy, that he has an enormous capacity for the nonsense which is relished by the wisest. He deals in Italics. Lethargy is not in his dictionary. His art is no hothouse convalescent. He may be right or wrong, but he is definite. There is little chance of his frigate being becalmed. If you would follow him all the way you must prepare for a visit to the Northern latitudes, you must throw off your fine linen and roam over the Southern deserts, you must drop subtle points of etiquette and agree to sleep in a Bedouin's tent, for he has an avowed love of vagabondage. But we short-winded, sedentary folk face these novel adventures with never a murmur of protest, because Grainger is a laughing and bantering companion who brings an overwhelming enthusiasm to all that he does. The village fair, the fjord, the long stretches of his native landscape—these he turns into an exultant chorus. And well might he say, in the words of a poet who hailed from that ancient world which he loves so dearly, "Hark to my voice in a sweet song."

Early in June, 1917, Percy Grainger enlisted as a private in the Fifteenth Band, Coast Artillery Corps, of the United States Regular Army, playing soprano saxophone, under the direction of the well-known band-leader Rocco Resta.

LIST of GRAINGER'S

Published

Compositions and Arrangements

CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA

Marching Song of Democracy. *G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*

For Mixed Chorus, Orchestra and Organ

The Bride's Tragedy. (Swinburne) (In the press) (*Schott & Co., London.*)

For Double Mixed Chorus and Orchestra

The Merry Wedding. *Oliver Ditson Co., Boston.*

Bridal Dance for Solo Voices, Mixed Chorus and Orchestra
(Organ *ad lib.*)

Father and Daughter. *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A. : G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*

(Dance Folk-Song from the Faeroe Islands). For Five Men's
Single Voices, Double Mixed Chorus, Strings, Brass and
Percussion (Guitars and Mandolins *ad lib.*)

Sir Eglamore. *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A. : G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*

For Double Mixed Chorus, Brass, Strings and Percussion

We Have Fed Our Seas for a Thousand Years (Kipling).

Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A. : G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.

For Mixed Chorus, Strings and Brass

The Camp. *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A. : G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*

(No. 1 of "Two Welsh Fighting Songs")

For Double Mixed Chorus and Orchestra

The March of the Men of Harlech. *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A. : G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*

(No. 2 of "Two Welsh Fighting Songs") •

For Double Mixed Chorus and Drums

The Hunter in His Career. *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A. : G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*

For Double Male Chorus and Orchestra

MIXED CHORUS AND BRASS BAND OR CONCERT BRASS

I'm Seventeen Come Sunday. *New York: G. Schirmer (Inc.)
London: Schott & Co.*

We Have Fed Our Seas for a Thousand Years (Kipling).
*Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer
(Inc.), New York.*

Marching Tune. *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.:
G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.
(Lincolnshire Folk-Song Tune)*

TENOR SOLO AND MIXED CHORUS A CAPPELLA

Brigg Fair. *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G.
Schirmer (Inc.), New York.
(Folk-Song from Lincolnshire)*

At Twilight. *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G.
Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*

MIXED CHORUS A CAPPELLA

Irish Tune from County Derry. *Schott & Co., London.
Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.
(British Folk-Music Settings, No. 5)*

Morning Song in the Jungle (Kipling). *Schott & Co., London.
Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*

The Inuit (Kipling). *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.:
G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*

A Song of Vermland (Vermlandsvisa). *Schott & Co., London.
Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*

MALE CHORUS A CAPPELLA

Tiger—Tiger: (Kipling). *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U.
S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.
Tenor Solo ad lib.*

FEMALE CHORUS A CAPPELLA

There was a pig went out to dig. *G. Schirmer (Inc.), New
York.
(Christmas day in the morning)*

FULL ORCHESTRA

- Suite: "In a Nutshell."** *G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*
For Symphony Orchestra, Piano, and Deagan Percussion Instruments. 1. Arrival Platform Humlet, 2. Gay but wistful.
3. Pastoral. 4. "The Gumsuckers" March
- Molly on the Shore.** *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*
For Full Orchestra
- Colonial Song.** *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*
3 single strings (Violin, Viola, 'Cello), Harp and Orchestra
- Shepherd's Hey.** *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*
Morris Dance. For Full Orchestra. (British Folk-Music Settings, No. 16)

2 VOICES AND FULL ORCHESTRA

- Colonial Song.** *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*
Soprano, Tenor, Harp and Orchestra

THEATRE ORCHESTRA

- Gay but wistful.** *G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*
(From the "In a Nutshell" Suite) (Arranged by Otto Langey)
- "The Gumsuckers" March.** *G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*
(From the "In a Nutshell" Suite) (Arranged by Otto Langey)
- Mock Morris.** *New York: G. Schirmer (Inc.). London: Schott & Co.*
- Molly on the Shore.** *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*
- Colonial Song.** *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*

STRING ORCHESTRA AND TWO HORNS

- Irish Tune from County Derry.** *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*
(British Folk-Music Settings, No. 15)

STRING ORCHESTRA

Irish Tune from County Derry. *Schott & Co., London.*
Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.
For String Orchestra (British Folk-Music Settings, No. 15)

Mock Morris. *New York: G. Schirmer (Inc.) London: Schott & Co.*
For Seven-Part String Orchestra

Molly on the Shore. *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*
Irish Reel for String Orchestra

PIANO AND STRING ORCHESTRA

Clog Dance. *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*
"Handel in the Strand." For one or more Pianos and String Orchestra

12 INSTRUMENTS

Shepherd's Hey. *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*
(British Folk-Music Settings, No. 3). For Flute, Clarinet, Horn, English Concertina and eight strings

10 STRINGS

Irish Tune from County Derry. *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*
(British Folk-Music Settings, No. 15)

OCTET

My Robin is to the Greenwood Gone (A Ramble). *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*
Flute, English Horn, and Six Strings

WIND QUINTET

Walking Tune. *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*
(Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Horn and Bassoon)

STRING SEXTET

Mock Morris. *New York: G. Schirmer (Inc.). London: Schott & Co.*

STRING QUARTET

Molly on the Shore. *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*

PIANO QUARTET

Clog Dance. *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*
"Handel in the Strand." (Piano, Violin, Viola and 'Cello)

TRIOS (PIANO, VIOLIN AND 'CELLO)

Colonial Song. *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*

Clog Dance. *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*
"Handel in the Strand"

My Robin is to the Greenwood Gone (A Ramble). *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*

VIOLIN AND PIANO

The Sussex Mummers' Christmas Carol. *G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*

Mock Morris. *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*

Molly on the Shore. *New York: G. Schirmer (Inc.). London: Schott & Co.*

Mélodie Danoise (Det er et yndigt Land). *Schott & Co., London.*
From "La Scandinavie"
(Arr. by A. Wilhelmj)

'CELLO AND PIANO

The Sussex Mummers' Christmas Carol. *G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*

"La Scandinavie." *Schott & Co., London.*
(A group of Scandinavian melodies freely arranged for 'cello and piano)

PIANO SOLO

Lullaby from "Tribute to Foster." *G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*

"One more day, my John." *G. Schirmer, (Inc.), New York.*
(Sea chanty set in the form of a "Preliminary Canter")

Suite: "In a Nutshell." *G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*
1. Arrival Platform Humlet. 2. Gay but Wistful. 3. Pastoral.
4. "The Gumsuckers" March

Shepherd's Hey. *New York: G. Schirmer (Inc.), London: Schott & Co.*
Morris Dance

Irish Tune from County Derry. *New York: G. Schirmer (Inc.) London: Schott & Co.*

The Sussex Mummer's Christmas Carol. *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*

My Robin is to the Greenwood Gone (A Ramble). *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*

Walking Tune. *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*

Mock Morris. *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*
(Concert Version)

Mock Morris. *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*
(Popular Version)

Colonial Song. *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*

Paraphrase on the "Flower Waltz" from Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker" Suite. *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*

Four Irish Dances. Stanford-Grainger. *Stainer & Bell, Ltd., London: J. Fisher & Bro., New York.*
(Sir Charles Stanford's orchestral "Four Irish Dances," arranged for piano by Percy Grainger)
1. A March-Jig ("Maguire's Kick")
2. A Slow Dance
3. The Leprechaun's Dance
4. A Reel

2 PIANOS

Suite: "In a Nutshell." *G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*

1. Arrival Platform Humlet
2. Gay but Wistful
3. Pastoral
4. "The Gumsuckers" March

SONGS WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT

Dedication. *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*

(From Kipling's "The Light that Failed")

A Reiver's Neck-Verse. *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*

(Words by A. C. Swinburne)

Died for Love. *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*

(Folk-Song from Lincolnshire)

Willow Willow. *New York: G. Schirmer (Inc.). London: Schott & Co.*

(Old English)

Six Dukes went a-fishin'. *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*

Folk-Song from Lincolnshire (Two keys)

SONGS WITH ACCOMPANIMENT OF INSTRUMENTS OTHER THAN PIANO

Willow Willow. *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*

(Old English). Song accompaniment by Guitar (or Harp) and String Quartet

Died for Love. *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*

(Folk-Song from Lincolnshire). Song accompanied by Flute, Clarinet and Bassoon, or Three Muted Strings

Colonial Song. *Schott & Co., London. Agents for U. S. A.: G. Schirmer (Inc.), New York.*

Soprano and Tenor, accompanied by Violin, 'Cello and Piano

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